

A KING'S DOCTOR GAILY EXPLORES THE WEST INDIES

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP. By Sir Frederick Treves. E. P. Dutton & Co.

SIR FREDERICK TREVES must have had the time of his life writing his book about the Greater and Lesser Antilles and the Spanish Main. He is not a geographer nor a historian nor a professional scribe. He is one of London's most distinguished medical men—surgeon to the King and that sort of thing. He is, however, a great traveler and a brilliant writer on travel. He made his voyage to and through the islands and their blue seas for the joy of the thing and apparently he wrote with the same impulse.

So he is trammelled by no stiff canons of science or letters; he gambols about among his facts like a true savant at play. He has read up his subject; he has a wonderful gift of observation; he has a charming English style. The result is perhaps the most readable and one of the most informing of books—despite the many shelves of others that have been written—upon this fascinating section of the globe. There are 376 pages in the volume, and not a dull one among them. The letter press is aided by numerous maps and photographs by the author, the latter of unusual quality and really enlightening text.

The origin of the title is whimsical. Sir Frederick takes stock of the feats of the British navy in West Indian waters from the days of Drake and Dampier and Frohisher and Hawkins down to Nelson and Keppel and Rodney. These seas were the cradle of British prowess in maritime affairs—the cradle of the deep in which naval heroism was rocked and nurtured into its great glory.

In the section of these gorgeous islands, indeed, the long sea story of England was begun. The West Indies became the nursery of the British navy, the school where the thews were hardened and the sea lessons learned. Here was fostered and fed that soul of adventure and reckless daring which inspired the early colonist and made invincible the man with the boarding pike. Here grew from puny beginnings the germ of the great sea power of the world.

"In the proud romance of the sea, in the ocean songs and epics, in the sea stories which have been told and retold to generations of British lads, in the breeding of stouthearted men and the framing of far venturing ships, the islands have been no less than the cradle of the deep."

Sir Frederick shows in the pages that follow that other nations—the Spaniards, French and Dutch in particular—had their share in the glorious cradling. It is true that all these islands, from the tip of Florida to the mouth of the Orinoco, and all the coast of the Caribbean have been scenes of adventure in multiple degree. There is not one of the smaller islands south of Porto Rico that was not taken again and again by French and English or Spanish and English. Generally the treaty that closed the war gave it back to the Power which had lost it in the fighting. Four European flags waved among the palms until we bought the Virgin group from the Danes. Three remain—the British, the



French and the Dutch. The last named people still hold those quaint rocks rising out of the ocean—Statia and Saba—where memories of the pirates are vivid and they build ships on the tops of the hills and chute them into the water.

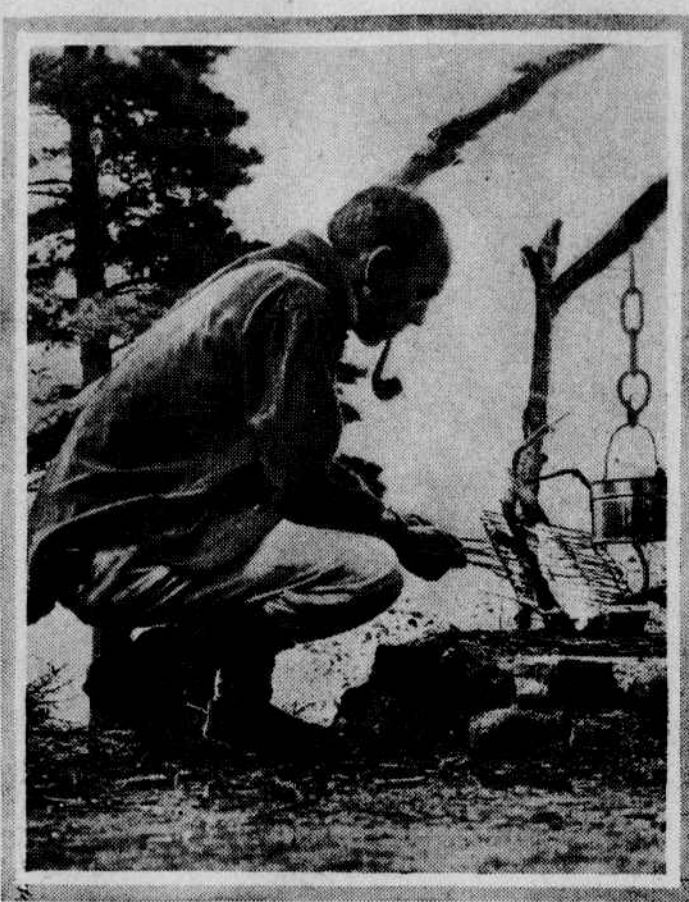
The French have the wonderful Martinique and Guadeloupe, islands which form a Department of France and send Deputies to the French Chamber, which supply France with that superrefined white rum that is the alcoholic basis of the perfume industry. Treves gives a vivid picture of the Empress Josephine shining and stately in marble in the middle of the Savane at Port de France in Martinique, near which she was born. The quaint little tropical city is just saturated with the atmosphere of romance. The creole, easygoing life that Lafcadio Hearn pictured still pulsates strongly in its population of ordinary men and lusciously beautiful women. Treves does not mention it, for apparently his visit was before the war; but nowadays every second figure in the street is in black, for these islands gave 30,000 soldiers to France and the mortality was cruel.

But he dwells with real feeling on that other tragedy of Martinique, the eruption of Mont Pele and the demolition of St. Pierre with its 30,000 inhabitants by one titanic breath of flame on the morning of Thursday, May 8, 1902. He wandered through the ruins in February, 1907, and tells of how the jungle was gradually blanketing the ghastly scar on the coast that was the ruined city. He imagines the night before the awful calamity and traces the vague dread of a girl, "Ti Marie," through her disturbed sleep to the moment when "a savage blast of flame darted in, and in a second the soft, palpitating body of the little maid was a curled up thing of dark ash." He picked up a watch which had stopped at 7:52 and had been partly protected from fusion by the body of its owner, in whose pocket it was. It must have felt the last pulsations of her heart against its own ticking, which only stopped thirty minutes later, "when the heat reached its own heart and stopped that too."

Hayti, the "Island of Misrule," Cuba the splendid modernized Panama, the Colombian and Venezuelan coasts with their wild traditions in a setting that looks half Oriental are vividly and sympathetically pictured. But it is on the British islands that the author loves to dwell. The forts on the hills and in the woods, in St. Lucia; the Bocas of Trinidad and Nelson's wild race through them on the Victory in search of the fleet that he defeated at Trafalgar; Nevis, where he married the pretty widow, Fanny Nisbet—the registry is still to be seen in the Fort Tree Church—Jamaica, with its wonderful scenery, natural wealth and turbulent history, are all made vivid in these animated pages.

Every one who loves nature in her most inspiring forms and inspired by the memory of stirring deeds of men should see the West Indies. Next to seeing them the best thing to do is read this book. Sir Frederick saw the color and caught the spirit, and with rare word artistry has made both live and glow in his page.

OUTDOOR AND TRAVEL BOOKS



Elon Jessup—the Author as Camp Cook

How to go gypsying by auto

THE MOTOR CAMPING BOOK. By Elon Jessup. G. P. Putnam Sons.

WITH the coming of summer is born a desire to wander off to and set eyes upon strange lands and open country. When this yearning is appeased it is usually termed, according to Mr. Jessup, "a much needed vacation." In reality it goes much deeper than that. It is the "gypsy call of nomadic ancestors" pulling against the more modern habits of cushions and mattresses; that lazy and indifferent atmosphere that has been acquired since the time our red blooded forefathers built log cabins.

"In the old days none of us followed the open road in the carefree manner of the gypsy himself. His way of going was wholly attractive, but hardly practicable for ourselves. . . . We followed our nomadic impulses, to be sure, but our manner of going was something of a compromise. Our own open road was usually one hedged in by two steel rails which not a few times led us to a country boarding house of uncertain quality."

Then came the time when a modern miracle was performed. The motor car came into its own. Following close in the wake of its development came motor touring. Then we awakened upon a scene that made the nomadic instinct come forth in an entirely new form. In the shadow where stood the ancient caravan with its creaking old wheels and mud covered spokes, its torn and patched canvas, we visualized before us in the sun of a new born day a motor caravan, with all the comforts of life in a stationary home.

Motor camping, while still a novelty and in its infancy, has been thoroughly developed, and ways have been found to make the life on the road a hundred per cent. better than in the pioneer era of travel. And so, for those who have not looked into motor camping and for others who are thoroughly familiar with it and appreciate it, Mr. Jessup has written his book.

The most important part of motor camping is proper equipment, and Mr. Jessup describes the articles that are absolutely necessary for gasoline caravans—touring car and jitney alike. The housekeeping side and the housekeeper get their share of consideration. In fact, after reading the chapters on "The Cooking Kit," "Water Containers," "The Cooking Fire," "Food Boxes" and "Camp Furnishings" the housewife will be tempted to "come out of the kitchen" and take up her abode on wheels. The night's sleep is another important theme. After reading Mr. Jessup's chapter on that subject one is bound to feel drowsy and long for green vegetation and drafts of pure air.

A chapter is devoted to "getting out of trouble." By trouble the author does not mean jail. License and motorist laws he takes up in still another chapter. But getting out of trouble in this case means difficulties met with on muddy roads. He explains with diagrams the way a motorist may pull himself out of a mudhole. It is an easy matter, and all one has to have is a car, a towline and a mud-hole or sand.

A question that might confront the caravanserai would be, "Where shall we go camping?" Another chapter in the book covers this, and there are two descriptive maps. All the family needs now is a motor car and equipment and they will be off for a trip that will have untold advantages over that of houseboating. The fishing tackle for Dad is not an unhandy article to bring along, although Mr. Jessup has forgotten to mention it.

judgment. I think we have just time to introduce appeal if you answer me by return mail.

"I will wait until his proceedings all right. I think you are not in a hurry, for, according to the usual means, you must make a profit by any mistake of your opponent."

"Beides, I will go up to the trial, in the main, trusting because your purpose is pure and clear. I will demonstrate that by the fictitious character of your personage, by the kind of your foreword."

"I suppose your health is in better conditions than before your leaving from Papeete."

"Waiting further good news, I hope, from your devoted and of White Shadows in the South Seas I beg to believe me."

Followed three months later another letter:

"I beg to acknowledge that we have had an ill luck about your affair against Winchester. The Tribunal of first instance guided by subjective considerations has esteemed Mr. Winchester had suffered him an injury on a judgement of 18th instant has condemned you to pay him ten thousand francs, and has ordered that the judgment will be published at your charge in a newspaper of New York and Frisco."

"Unnecessary to tell you that I pleaded with all my heart as well the point of legal view as the literary. I think we will have a better luck in appealing."

"I have seen Mr. . . . to whom I have given plenty explanations about this affair. I think, before criticizing the first judgment, you must do appeal to the SUPERIOR COURT."

"The fees will be about 300 Fr. and my salary will be 500 Fr."

"The expenses are growing because I will be obliged to attack on my turn and support the principal fees of the applicant."

"So that I will be obliged to you to cover me 800 Fr."

"The delay to do appeal are two months from the signification of the

The Book Factory

By EDWARD ANTHONY.

WE made the statement the other day that we knew a person who had never written a book and our friends ridiculed us. We had reference to our cook, who—and we can prove it—has steadfastly refused to revert to type, so to speak. This—and it is the finest tribute we have ever paid any one—shall be her epitaph:

She never wrote a book,
She wasn't literary,
She stayed an honest cook,
She never wrote a book,
Contented not to look
Beyond the culinary
She never wrote a book,
She wasn't literary!

For several months past we have been wondering what to do with our collection of books of *vers libre*. We have finally decided to put them in a box on our front porch, under a sign reading:

FREE VERSE.
TAKE ONE.

If a friend hadn't made us read Will Foster's story of the steel strike it wouldn't have occurred to us that it is a striking book. . . . And you would have been spared this paragraph.

We are heading a movement to require authors to be more humane in killing off undesirable characters. The brutality displayed by some writers in recent books is shocking. More about this later.

THE JOURNAL OF CARLO KNIGHT.
FREE LANCE.

Monday—I present to the President of The Hirsute Products Co. the first of my series of literary advertisements for the hair-restorer OVERNIGHT. He congratulates me on it. You'll probably do the same when you read it. Here it is:

Who says that baldness can't be cured
speaks baldness.
Purchase some OVERNIGHT and see—
a dollar cash.

No longer let dandruff trouble you. Oh, here you are!
A dollar and you're (this is good) a Lockjaw!

The literary flavor of this ad, is unmistakable. It mentions Lockjaw, a famous character of Sir Walter Scott's (though in the poem I subtly spell it with a "k" to suggest a lock of hair. This is quite ingenious.)

I am more convinced than ever that a young writer need not be ashamed of an advertising apprenticeship. It is always possible to mention celebrated literary names and thus preserve one's ideals. Take, for instance,

Law in the South Seas

EVEN the "Mystic Isles of the South Seas" are plagued with law. Frederick O'Brien, the prose laureate of Tahiti, has been receiving solemn letters from the French lawyer whom he left in charge of a suit growing out of his earlier book, "White Shadows in the South Seas."

The skipper of a schooner that plies the waters around paradise was offended at a certain chapter and sued for 50,000 francs. O'Brien left the islands, but the case went on. Thus his lawyer reports in a letter to "Mr. Frederick O'Brien, *Homme de Lettres*:"

"I am eager to inform you that your affair against Captain Winchester is for the time being stopped on account of the adversary's incorrect proceedings about the form."

"I will wait until his proceedings all right. I think you are not in a hurry, for, according to the usual means, you must make a profit by any mistake of your opponent."

"Beides, I will go up to the trial, in the main, trusting because your purpose is pure and clear. I will demonstrate that by the fictitious character of your personage, by the kind of your foreword."

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Frederick J. O'Brien.

nal of "Lying Bill" does not like his alleged "pickcher" in "White Shadows" what will be think of the full length portrait of this same Lying Bill in the new book "Mystic Isles of the South Seas?"

The director of the National Library for the Blind in Washington, D. C. has asked permission of Admiral Sims to transcribe his recent book, "The Victory at Sea" (Doubleday, Page), into revised Braille so that the blind may read it. Permission was granted and the work of transcribing it has already begun.

An O. Henry Memorial Association has been formed in Pittsburgh for the purpose of erecting a memorial, either a monument or a bronze tablet, to the short story writer who lived in that city during 1901. Some of O. Henry's best stories are supposed to have been written in Pittsburgh.

the man who writes the ads for the well known cigar named for a great Scotch poet. When he is through the poet will be as well known as the cigar, and this will be no small service to humanity.

Tuesday—If a free lance is sufficiently resourceful he can get along splendidly. Here is a good example. When I hear this morning that Luna Park will open on May 14 I decide to submit to the proprietor of the pavilion where one heaves baseballs at the artful dodger, a rhymed ballyhoo. It is promptly accepted, netting me \$3.91, or seventeen cents a word, which is as good pay as many of the most famous writers receive. Here is my effort:

Three for five!
Bump his head!
He's alive!
Knock him dead!
Come on, gents!
Win a butt!
Put some dents
In his nut!

It is a musical ballyhoo and should increase the business of the pavilion. Wednesday—I sell a car-card slogan to a chewing gum concern:

RIDE THROUGH LIFE ON
A CHEW CHEW CAR.

Thursday—I start a riot in a Greenwich Village tea-room by declaring, in a louder tone than is necessary, that "Jurgen" is the dullest book I have ever read. Police reserves are called out, and, battered and bruised, I am led out of the place while the multitudes stand by and hiss.

Friday—I attend a masquerade. Among the guests is a jovial gentleman who comes attired in a brief piece of fur, a la caveman. Asked by an inquisitive lady what this scantily clad person represents I reply: "Chapter One of Wells's History." This is not at all bad.

Saturday—I meet Mr. Flick of Buckle's Book Shop. He tells me that he is annoyed by the many references in "The Book Factory" of THE HERALD to mistakes on the part of his clerks in classifying books, and says he's going to write a letter to the book editor about it.

A COMPLAINT.

The letter to which Carlo Knight refers in his journal has been received by the book editor, who has turned it over to us with the request that we answer the charges or go hunt a new job. The letter is as follows:

Dear Sir:
I might as well be frank. That man who runs "The Book Factory" is going too far. Nearly every week he prints a bad check that he says was made by a clerk in Buckle's Book Shop. I'm writing this letter to warn him to keep out of our store. He never buys anything and all he does is hang around waiting for some one to make a mistake.

We don't want him around here. Maybe if you'd give him enough to do he wouldn't have so much time to spend where he doesn't belong. I might add, for the benefit of this smart Aleck, that people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. I have reference to the following paragraph from his column: "A Kansas newspaper recently credited the authorship of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' to Mary J. Holmes. Nonsense. The book is by John Haynes Holmes." Let me point out that the book is by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mr. Buckle told me so, and he ought to know; he reads all the new books. Yours respectfully, FREDERICK J. O'BRIEN, Head Clerk, Buckle's Book Shop.

Our apology to Mr. Flick. He is right; "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" we find by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

To placate the book editor we'd like to add that hereafter we're going to be less severe in our criticisms of Buckle's Book Shop. We'd be unfair if we didn't, for we noticed the other day that book classifications are improving there. For instance, a book on the making of home brew is classified under Popular Science. This is excellent.

ATONEMENT.

(After reading an essay on the nobility of labor.)

Oh, there are buildings waiting to be reared,
And there are highways waiting to be laid,
And new built vessels waiting to be steered,
And farm tools waiting to be handled—
spede

And hoe and harrow. Oh, the things that wait!

For eager hands! And here I sit the while,
Making this tinkly word and that one mate.

Adding and adding to the pointless pile,
Stacking up verses till the flooring groans.

Triplets, villanelles, ballades and odes,
Light hearted roundelays and plaintive moans.

Free verse, rhymed verse—a dozen wagonloads.

Oh, how atone for wasting all this time?
No use to go to work, I don't know how.

(We poets never could get used to grim),
Yet will I make atonement—here and now.

Boy, bring the matches! Pile the poems higher!
We'll fill the city with poetic fire!

Fannie Hurst in commenting on E. Temple Thurston's "The Green Bough" (Appleton) says: "A beautiful story. A book fearfully ahead of its time." We wonder if her comment has any connection with the printers' and binders' strike that has just hit the book publishing business. It may be that it was pushed ahead of its time, the publishers figuring on the strike.

Books of the week

Fiction.
THE CLUE OF THE PRIMROSE PETAL—By Harvey Wickham Clode. THE HOUSE OF NIGHT—By Leslie Howard Gordon. Small, Maynard.
THE CROSS-CUT—By Courtney Ryley Cooper. Little, Brown.
THE GREAT DEMONSTRATION—By Katharine Metcalf Roof. Little, Brown.
JOURNEY'S END—By Edna A. Brown. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

Drama.
THE PROVINCE TOWN (PLAYS)—By George Cram and Frank Shay. Stewart Kidd.
SIX WHO PASS WHILE THE LENTILS BOIL—By Stuart Walker. Stewart Kidd.
CLAIR DE LUNE—By Michael Strange. Putnam.
THE GREEN GODDESS: A Play in Four Acts—By William Archer. Knopf.
THE CULT OF CONTENT—By Noel Leslie. Four Seas.

History and Public Affairs.
THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TREATY—By Andre Tardieu. With foreword by Edward M. House and introduction by Georges Clemenceau. Bobbs-Merrill.

For Boys and Girls.
PEEPS AT MANY LANDS—England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, Sweden and Finland, Spain and Portugal, Canada and Newfoundland and London and Paris. Six volumes. The Macmillan Company.

Travel.
THE ISLANDERS OF THE PACIFIC: OR THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN—By Lieut.-Col. T. R. St. Johnston. Appleton.
THE TANGANTIKA TERRITORY: CHARACTERISTICS AND POTENTIALITIES—By F. S. Joelson. Appleton.

Biography and Reminiscences.
THE BOYHOOD OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN—By J. Rogers Gore. Bobbs-Merrill.

Art.
MODERN MOVEMENTS IN PAINTING—By Charles Marriott. Scribner's.

Music.
THE HISTORY OF THE FLUTE—By D. Ehrlich. New York. Published by the author.

Verses.
BALLADS OF A BOHEMIAN—By Robert W. Service. Barse & Hopkins.
POEMS—By Stewart Mitchell. Duffield.

Language Study.
PHONETIC ITALIAN—The Fundamental Principle of the Italian Language—By John J. Di Gio. Published by the author.

Juvenile.
STORIES ALWAYS NEW AS TOLD FOR CHILDREN—Brought together by Cora Morris. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

LEONARD MERRICK'S "A Chair on the Boulevard"

The New York Times says: "Gay and witty, mirthful and sparkling, vivacious, yet touched at times with a smilingly wistful irony which enhances their gaiety by its tenderness, there is scarcely a tale in the volume which does not deserve to rank as a little masterpiece."

It has often been said that all the tales possible to tell have long been told; yet one of the most enjoyable things about this most enjoyable volume is its originality. . . . Leonard Merrick is first, last and all the time Leonard Merrick, unique and unapproachable.

Those who have gone with Conrad in Quest of His Youth or rejoiced in the adventures and love affairs of the poet Tricotrin While Paris Laughed will need no other incentive than the memory of these while they make them seize with wholehearted gladness upon

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Each 1.90 Can be bought in any bookstore or direct from

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., New York

She gave her youth

CLOUDY JEWEL. By Grace Livingston Hill. J. B. Lippincott Company.

FROM a beginning that savors of the familiar New England realism Mrs. Lutz elaborates the picture of Julia Cloud's maidenly sacrifice of youth, the 20's, and the 30's, to her family. But when Julia is faced with the prospect of a solitary, impoverished middle age, two young relatives, a nephew and niece, appear from the far West and transplant her to a college town as their chaperon, guardian and housekeeper. To Julia Cloud (the title of the tale is an affectionate childish inversion of her name) the "doings" of undergraduates in a modern coeducational college are not all that they should be. And the adventures of Allison and Leslie, her wards, sharpen this impression for the reader. The rest of the book is devoted to their reform.

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